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That seal, with all it means to the public, might well be put on every bottle that contains

PERUNA

No other remedy ever offered the American people has more friends after two generations of success; no other remedy is more generally used in the homes of the people; no other has been so enthusiastically endorsed by the thousands.

The reason is found in real merit. For coughs, colds, catarrh, whether local or systemic, and general debility following any of the above Peruna will be found effective, reliable and safe. For irregular appetite, impaired digestion and run-down system it is an invaluable tonic.

Peruna may be obtained in tablet form for convenience.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

The Rebel Yell.

We rescue from the Associated Press dispatches the following incident in the debate in the house on the armed neutrality resolution. One of the two members to speak in opposition had just concluded:

Representative Stedman, of North Carolina, a confederate veteran answered them with an appeal to patriotism.

"This house ought to send a message to all nations," he declared, "that it will protect its rights, the lives of its people and the American flag in its pristine splendor wherever it may float over land or sea."

The "rebel yell" resounded through the chamber as he concluded.

No nobler sound has ever been heard than that rebel yell in the house of representatives. It showed that the old sectionalism had disappeared and that the element which made for disunion a half century ago had been fused into patriotic Americanism.—Evansville Courier.

Busy Saturdays.

The closing of the banks at noon on Saturdays makes the banks the busiest places in the city during the three hours that they are open for business in the forenoons. Shortly before noon last Saturday there were 86 people waiting to be waited on in the four banks at one time. A number of the merchants practically do a banking business by cashing checks and making change for the public, after the banks close. But for this, the heavy volume of cash business on the week's busiest day could not be transacted.

Paralytic Patient.

John Crouch, of McCracken county, died at the Western State Hospital Sunday of general paralysis of the insane, aged 78 years. He was committed to the institution about three weeks ago. The body was interred in Riverside Cemetery yesterday.

Exonerated.

Herbert Blakey, of Beattyville, who was arrested in Lexington as a deserter from the Second Kentucky regiment because he had overstayed his leave of absence has been exonerated by the War Department.

WHISTLING "DIXIE"

Wife of Madisonville Congressman Aids in Closing Festivities.

Washington, Mar. 5.—As Speaker Clark's gavel dropped promptly at noon, members of the house and press gallery who previously had been supplied with books of old fashioned songs, burst into "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Mrs. J. Carter Linthicum, wife of Representative Linthicum, of Maryland, rose in the gallery and unfurled a huge silken flag, one end of which was gathered up by Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the speaker.

A storm of applause followed. In another part of the gallery Miss Leona Sherwood, daughter of Representative Sherwood, sang the Star Spangled Banner. Mrs. David H. Kincheloe, wife of Representative Kincheloe, of Kentucky, whistled "Dixie," with help from the crowd. "How Dry I Am," were sung with particular feeling by "wets" who were so overwhelmingly defeated in the last congress, followed.

The arrival of a body of a New York national guardsmen in uniform on the floor created a patriotic outburst.

In tribute to the late Representative Conroy, who died Friday, who for many years led the singing on the floor, Representative Gallivan sang "The Vacant Chair."

For baby's croup, Willie's daily cut and bruises, mamma's sore throat, Grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the household remedy. 25c and 50c. Advertisement

Way to Break a Habit.

Has your little girl formed the nail-biting habit? If so, try the plan of one mother who believed in kindness rather than harshness. Her little girl was most anxious to possess a certain doll which she saw in a toy shop. The mother promised it to her on condition that she would stop biting her nails. She told the child that whenever she forgot herself the doll would disappear for a day. The idea worked beautifully. There were days when the doll was locked away, but in time the habit was entirely broken and the doll was ever present.—Exchange.

If You Want

RESULTS

YOU can get them by advertising in this paper. It reaches the best class of people in this community.

Use this paper if you want some of their business.

Use This Paper

...WE HAVE...

N. O.

SUGAR HOUSE

MOLASSES

The finest you ever tasted. Call and sample them.

Premium Store Tickets Given With Cash Sales.

W. T. Cooper & Co.

C. F. COBB FINDS BODY

John Goodall's Body Taken From The River Sunday Morning.

COBB GETS \$30 REWARD

Found At The Foot Of Fifth Street When The Water Went Down.

The body of John Goodall, colored, who was drowned at Second Street Friday about noon, was recovered from the river between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday morning by C. F. Cobb, a white man who was searching the river, which had fallen considerably, in a skiff. He saw the man's hand protruding from the water close to where the horse and express wagon were taken from the river Friday evening, at the foot of 5th street. He recovered the body unassisted without difficulty after it was located.

A reward of \$30 had been offered, \$10 by the city, \$10 by the county and \$10 by colored people. This will be paid to Cobb. Goodall had been swept down probably with his wagon, before his struggles ended where the wagon was lodged. The body was taken to King's colored undertaking establishment, where it was awaiting an inquest yesterday afternoon, in the absence of Coroner Wright. There were two John Goodalls in the city. The one drowned was the younger, a man about 40 years of age.

IN SIX INCHES OF SAFETY

When Hit By An L. & N. Train At Gracey and Killed.

Clark Stevens, aged 65, was struck by an L. & N. train, at Gracey, shortly after noon Saturday and so badly injured that he died in five minutes, soon after he was picked up and carried into a store. He was deaf and did not hear the approaching train, which whistled for him to keep off the track. He stepped from the siding on which he was walking to the main track, when the train struck him and knocked him off with such force that he was killed. Six inches more and he would have been missed.

Mr. Stevens lived with his son, a section hand on the road at Gracey. An inquest was held and the verdict was accidental death. The body was buried in the Lander burying ground yesterday.

Very Brave.

Percy William—"You need not fear tramps or rough men when you are with me, darling. I'm a champion runner, and if we were attacked I'd run off and bring help to you in no time."

Yorkshire Parkin.

One and three-fourths pounds of flour, one pound of oatmeal, four ounces of butter, two cups of molasses, one cup of milk, six teaspoonsful of baking powder, one dessert spoonful of ginger, ground. Mix the dry ingredients well together, warm the molasses with the milk. Do not make it hot, and mix the whole together. Bake in a well buttered tin for one hour. Of course you know this is better when allowed to stand for a few days. I always think it seems to soften up some.

Cream Puffs.

One cupful of water and one-half cupful of butter; boil together; while boiling stir in one cupful sifted flour; remove from fire and stir into a smooth paste. When cool add three unbeaten eggs, stirring five minutes. Drop in spoonfuls on buttered tins and bake in a quick oven 25 minutes. For cream take one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonsful of flour, cook thoroughly and flavor. When the puffs are cold open and fill with cream.

Use for Broken Cups.

Teacups with broken handles are very useful for poaching eggs. Butter the inside, break the egg into the cup and stand the cup in the frying pan half filled with water. It keeps the egg in good shape when poached, easy to slip on to toast and is cleaner than poaching in a frying pan.

THE HOME MAN

By EARL REED SILVERS.

He came quietly and without acclaim. Nobody knew where he came from or why he selected the quiet little house on the outskirts of Merchantville. Even Mrs. Mary Springer, the pretty young widow who kept the boarding house, could not elicit any news as to his business. He sat in his room writing for the greater part of the day, and in the evening he mingled with the other boarders on the front porch, or in the living room, listening to their idle conversation, and venturing now and then a quiet suggestion. After he had spent a month in the house, the others knew no more about him than they had known on the evening of his arrival. But they learned to like him and to court his quiet friendship.

Because he was in the house all day, Mrs. Springer grew to know him well. There was something vaguely familiar about his soft voice; certain mannerisms awoke vague recollections, as if she had seen him before. He reminded her, in some way, of someone she had known in the little western town where she had spent her girlhood.

Gradually he won a place in the hearts of the members of the household. His little acts of kindness were everywhere apparent.

But, most of all, he became invaluable in Mrs. Springer's daily routine. When the cook left suddenly, he permitted the landlady to tie a gingham apron around his waist, and for two days, until the new cook arrived, he took entire charge of the kitchen. He seemed to have a genius for housework and when there was nothing to do in the way of cooking he potted about the yard, repairing an old fence which had been broken for months, putting new wire on the chicken coop and painting the back porch until the boarders did not recognize it as an old friend.

They fell into the habit of sitting on the porch and talking. She told him about her youth; how she had lived in Wisconsin, the only daughter of the village doctor; how she had been self-willed and headstrong. Then she mentioned a boy, Arthur Howell, with whom she had "kept company," as she said, for a year or more, only to forget all about him when Dudley Springer, citified and supposedly rich, had visited the town. She had finally run away with the stranger, and then her enlightenment had begun.

"He died two years after we were married," she said, "and since then I have kept this boarding house."

"Have you never thought of going back to the 'people at home'?" He spoke softly, and his sad eyes looked into the distance.

"I've thought about it," she answered. "But I couldn't bear the idea of going back there. I want the town-folks, and especially Arthur, to think that I am happy."

"And aren't you?" His voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"No," she answered. "I'm homesick for the West—for him."

"Do you know what has become of him?"

"He went away and the girls with whom he kept in touch do not know where he has gone."

"What would you do if you should meet him?" asked the man tensely. In the depth of his brown eyes glowed a smoldering fire.

"Nothing." She spoke disconsolately. "He has probably forgotten all about me by now."

"But if he hasn't and he should come to you, what would you do?"

"I'd do anything in the world he wanted me to."

The man's hand was shaking; his voice trembled slightly.

"Do you think you would know him if you saw him?"

"I don't know. It has been ten years since I went away with the other man, and they say that Arthur took it hard and changed."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Arthur Howell."

The man opened the magazine which he held in his hand.

"Here is something which might interest you," he said. "Look on page ninety-five."

She turned to the place indicated, and there, in big black type she read the name Arthur Howell.

"Why!" she gasped. "he has written a story!"

"Yes," the man spoke sadly. "I have seen his name countless times in the big magazines. He is a famous writer."

"I'm glad; he deserves all the success he has won."

"Do you know that he is in Merchantville?"

She started.

"What, in this town?"

"Yes, he has been here for the past six months."

"And you know him?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I know him as well as I know myself."

The light of a sudden recognition came to her.

"Oh," she said, "are you—"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I am Arthur Howell."

"And why—why did you come here?" Her breast rose and fell quickly; tears bordered her eyes.

"I came to take you away, dear, to a home I have waiting for you in the West. Will you go?"

"Yes," she answered softly. "I'll do anything in the world you want me to."

MARCH BLIZZARD PREVAILED

Heavy Snow Fall and Mercury Drops to Ten Above Zero.

A blizzard raged throughout this section Sunday and snow fell to the depth of about four inches on a level. On account of the high wind the snow drifted badly, measuring two feet in some places. The thermometer registered ten degrees above zero yesterday morning, but it turned much warmer by noon and much of the snow had disappeared before night. The forecast for today is fair with rising temperature.

MARRIAGES.

A marriage license was issued Saturday to Lee Chester, son of William Chester, and Miss Elsie B. Hester, daughter of Berry Hester, all of this county. The wedding was scheduled for Sunday, March 4.

Butler-Burt.

Armistead Butler, of near Pembroke, and Miss Cora Burt, daughter of the late R. H. Burt, of the Casky neighborhood, were married last Thursday afternoon at the Baptist parsonage in New Providence, Tenn. The couple will reside at the Burt home, near Casky.

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scalp head, herpes, scabies, Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 50c a box at all stores.—Advertisement.

Pain Too Great.

Mrs. Lula Magruder, aged 62, suffering from a cancer in her eye was driven to suicide at Louisville. She left a note saying she couldn't stand the pain and opened a gas jet.

Residence Deal.

Mrs. Mattie Gaines has sold her residence on South Clay street to C. H. Layne, and has bought the Bronaugh place on East Sixth street.

Fatal Plunge.

An automobile with three men and five women ran into the bay at Baltimore and one man and three women were killed.

One Way.

H. F. Black at Tiffin, O., killed his mother-in-law, his wife and himself.

Andrew M. Cates, aged 24, was killed in the Coal mine at Madisonville Friday.

Mrs. Eleanor Combes, 107 years old, and said to be the oldest woman in Indiana, died at Columbus, Feb. 23rd.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

J. C. HENRY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



Don't Rub It On

Bruises or Sore Muscles

Sloan's Liniment quickly penetrates and soothes without rubbing. Cleaner than musky plasters or ointments, does not stain the skin.

Have a bottle handy for emergency, rheumatic aches and pains, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, strains, sprains and lame back, yield to Sloan's Liniment.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN

PURELY PERSONAL

Rev. Thomas Chapman, who spent two months in Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas, has returned home.

D. G. Park, of near Greenville, who was here on business last week, returned home Saturday.

George Harlow, of Nashville, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Brenda Harlow.

Mrs. R. E. Cooper and Emmett Cooper Crider have returned from Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McQuary have returned home after a visit to Mrs. McQuary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Alsbrooks, at Adams, Tenn.

Mrs. Clint Jackson has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Mary Winters, at Adams, Tenn.

Mrs. E. P. Wilkins, of Lexington, Ky., and Mrs. Robert McCulloch, of Columbus, Miss., are attending the bedside of their mother, Mrs. S. H. McCulloch, who has been very ill for several days.

John P. Thomas left Saturday for Boston, Mass.

Mrs. K. S. Maguire, of Indiana, who had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. V. L. Gates, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lindsay spent Sunday with the family of Mr. R. S. Lindsay, near Herndon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kee R. McKee, of Oklahoma City, were in the city for a day or two last week, visiting Mrs. Sam McKee. Mr. McKee is one of the Hopkinsville boys who has made a big success in Oklahoma in the oil business. The company of which he was president recently sold out a part of its holdings for \$2,000,000.

C. T. Edmundson, of Nortonville, who spent a week with his sister, Mrs. Trice, near Pembroke, recuperating after an attack of the grip, spent yesterday in the city, enroute home.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulates a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.—Advertisement.

Six inches of snow fell Tuesday night in Henderson and Union counties.

Still In Business!

The report that I have sold out my business or have made any change is an error and without foundation on fact. I am still conducting a general contracting and building business as heretofore and can be found at my old stand on Virginia street between Eighth and Ninth. Office phone 540.

E. H. HESTER.